

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

The Coronation of King George the Fifth

Many American women of birth and position who have become habitués of the English court through their marrying into ancient English houses will take an active part in the coronation ceremonies of King George V. and Queen Mary of England, ceremonies that will render June of this 1911 year forever memorable in English history.

In London, mourning worn for King Edward VII. is being put out of sight, and everything is being done toward the production of a superb spectacular ceremonial that will deeply impress the minds of thousands drawn from all quarters of the globe to witness it. For the kingdom over which George will be proclaimed sovereign numbers nearly twelve million of square miles, containing three hundred and ninety-six millions of subjects.

The Scene of Coronation.
Westminster Abbey will be the scene of the coronation, and King George will occupy the chair of Edward, the Confessor, in which the British sovereigns have sat for hundreds of years. Inclosed in this chair is a palladium alone brought by Edward I. from Scour Abbey, in Scotland. Fergus, the son of Fergus Eric, who led the Danes to Argyllshire, removed it from Ireland, where it was held in great veneration, and known as the Liafail, to Scour. The Scotch believed that its loss foreboded the downfall of their nation and country.

Women who have already gone to England, and those who are making ready to go, have long ago secured seats of vantage for themselves from which they can see the procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey and other interesting coronation features. They will realize that, in a sense, London, during the last fortnight of June and the early days of July, will be the capital, not of the British Empire, but of the world, for there will be royal guests from all the European courts, aborigines from Australia, Maoris from New Zealand, colored warriors from the British African territories, Eskimos from the frozen north, and statesmen and soldiers from every part of the vast British Empire.

Carl Marsh of Day.
The Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of coronation day, will be assisted by the kings-at-arms and the pursuivants, all of whom are historic personages. Five thousand noblemen and officials will take part in the procession, and fifty thousand soldiers, sailors and colonial troops will line the streets and preserve order.

The King's state coach was designed by Sir W. Chambers and completed in 1766. In the going from the palace to the west door of the Abbey the royal coach will be followed by the gentlemen-at-arms, the bishops, the ladies-in-waiting, the Horse Guards, the Yeomen of the Guard and the Life Guards, with their polished cuirasses, plumed helmets and splendid horses. The royal regalia, mediaeval emblems of power, are borne by the Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Roxburgh, the Marquis of Winchester, the Marquis of Londonderry and others.

Queen Mary's Attire.
Queen Mary will be resplendent in a robe of purple velvet turned up with ermine, and will wear a circlet of gold adorned with jewels. Her royal spouse's robe will be of crimson velvet furled with ermine and heavily bordered with gold lace. Westminster Abbey will be richly draped in crimson, and as the King and Queen enter an anthem will be sung. After King George is presented to his people by the Archbishop of Canterbury and received by their acclamations, then the King makes an altar offering, the peers bearing the regalia approach, the archbishop preaches a brief sermon and administers the oath to the King. The Queen stands beside the King while the oath is being administered. Afterward she and her attendants move away. Four Knights of the Garter hold over the King a cloth of gold pall, while the choir chants, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Dean of Westminster, anoints the King with holy oil. The King leaves his golden spurs and sword of state at the altar. He is invested with the imperial orb, a magnificent cloth of gold mantle, and the archbishop puts his ring on the fourth finger of his right hand.

The King is Crowned.
Lastly, the sceptre with the cross inlaid, delivered, and the King is crowned and ascends the throne. He receives the homage of the bishops and lords, partakes of the communion, and, leaving the Abbey as he entered with his Queen by the west door, King George enters his royal coach and he and Queen Mary are drawn by eight milk-white horses back to Buckingham Palace, while the bells clash out and the people are everywhere shouting like mad for joy.

AT THE BEGINNING AND THE ENDING.
When Queen Victoria was but a girl a story goes that her directors were given to instructing her in matters of court etiquette like this:

"You are to go to hear the 'Messiah' to-morrow night, and when they sing through the oratorio and come to the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' you will all rise, but you are the Queen; sit still."

So when they came to the "Hallelujah Chorus" the Englishmen sprang to their feet and cheered while the Queen sat; but when they came to the place where they sang, "And King of King and Lord of Lords," she rose and bowed her head. "That was at the beginning of her reign."

But when she came almost to the throne, it and Canon Farrar was preaching on the second coming of Christ, she sent for him to enter her box, and when he came in the Queen said:

"Dr. Farrar, I wish that the Saviour might come while I am sitting upon the throne, for I should like to take the crown of England and lay it at his feet."

May.
May time is play time.
Skies of tender blue,
Cheerful notes from feathered throats
All the woodland through.
Winds blow and stars glow,
Blossoms nod and sway;
Heart o' mine, the world's divine,
When it's May—May—May!

May time is play time.
'Tis the gift of spring;
Here's a smile, that's worth the while,
Here's a song to sing.
Flout not, doubt not,
Griefs have gone to stay.
Heart o' mine, ne'er parting twine
When it's May—May—May.
—By Lillian Mitchell, in Columbian.



THREE SMART SHOPPING SUITS FOR SPRING.

L'ART de la Mode.

A Season of Bright Colors.

The multiplicity of shades with which the smart woman of this season has a speaking acquaintance includes every color, by whatever there is in land or sea, in art or nature, to which it may bear some slight resemblance. By that title the shade is known. Every fish, flower and fruit has its fashionable name-sake this year, and now fashion is beginning on the vegetables and foodstuffs, so that the difference between butter color and mayonnaise yellow must be at once distinguishable by those who pretend to know aught of the fine shadings of gowns.

Ribbons of cherry hue or hydrangea blue, cucumber green, or buttercup yellow adorn lingerie frocks as the complexion or taste of the wearer require. There is a marked difference in the colors selected by young girls and their elders, the bright tints going to the former class.

The Commencement Gown.
No crisp, fresh muslin frock for this year's graduate. No one of the charming, filmy materials out of which commencement gowns are made may now have any touch of crispness or hang otherwise than straight and limply. So in selecting material for a girl's graduation gown this fact must be remembered, as well as another, that the cotton voiles are this year among the most popular of the thin fabrics.

Elaborate Street Gowns.
Because of their rich elaboration, a full description of street gowns this season is a rather difficult thing. Putting out of the question a number of two-piece costumes, composed of a skirt and a coat, for which a waist must be designed, the greater number of fashionable street costumes are made up of an underdress of great richness, modified by a rather plainer coat. With the skirt and coat costume pretty cotton voile waists are offered, and novel chiffon tops for the plainer, complete underdresses.

White Coats for Summer.
Nothing is prettier than white for a summer coat. Smart evening coats of white satin are faced sometimes with black, but they are not practical when compared with coats of lightweight cloth, in white. These coats may be trimmed or plain. Heavy lace over a sailor collar and revers of velvet is effective, but plain velvet, which is much in favor, is also effective. Embroidery and braiding are employed to render the coats most elaborate.

Children's Fashions.
The little girl just emerging from the jumper stage wears smock frocks, trimmed with hand embroidered bands. The touch of color is supplied by a pink or blue sash of ribbon. Russian blouse costumes, in pink and blue, lined in natural color or pique, are durable, and laudable to advantage. White altogether is the rule for the little girl's party dresses. Should sheer lawn or mull have a colored underfrock, slippers, socks, hair ribbon and sash must correspond with this color. Made belts and girdles are sometimes worn with party frocks, but the soft, wide ribbon sash is always in good taste.

Little Girl's Hobbie Skirt.
Just where the belt should be placed on the frock to be worn by the small woman of to-day has caused a considerable amount of discussion. French modistes, associated with the smartest houses, put the belt in practically the normal position, but in some costumes the belt is placed so far down as to impede the movements of the child almost as much as the hobbie skirt inconveniences her elders. The abnormal waist effect produced by the position of the belt is quaint on some children, but on others it is very ugly.

Small Boys' Sailor Suits.
Sailor suits for little lads are always in vogue and are equally pretty in blue serge, linen, duck, crash or pique. There is a present color preference for suits in tan or brown, though a dark blue, with white stripes, is both pretty and serviceable. A jacket of covert cloth for street wear may be rendered attractive by the addition of a wide collar of white, blue or tan linen. For a boy's morning wear, under the jacket, should be a Russian blouse suit of natural colored linen, with a patent leather belt. Brown boots and stockings go with such a suit. With the fashionable low shoes and socks, leather leggings are being worn during the early spring season.

Utility of Beauty.
Victor Hugo relates in a chapter of "Les Misérables" how the bishop taught in an answer made to his housekeeper the utility of beauty. She expostulated with his lordship for giving a full quarter of his garden to his flowers, saying that it would be better and wiser to grow lettuce there than bouquets. "Ah, Madame Magloire," replied the bishop, "the beautiful is as useful as it is beautiful."

Despised and Rejected of Men

A writer in the Christian Commonwealth, of London, England, is quoted in the Scott-Stiles "Cyclopedia of Illustrations" as giving the following graphic description of Stigmund Goetz's great canvas, called "Despised and Rejected of Men," which created an artistic sensation when it was hung at the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London:

In the centre of the canvas, says the writer, is the Christ, standing on a pedestal and bound with ropes, while on either side passes the heedless crowd. A prominent figure is a richly vested priest, proudly conscious of the perfection of the ritual with which he is starving his higher life.

Over the shoulder of the priest looks a stern-faced divine of a very different type. Bible in hand, he turns to look at the divine figure, but the onlooker is conscious that this stern preacher of the letter of the gospel has missed its spirit, and is as far astray as the priest whose ceremonial is to him anathema.

The startled look on the face of the hospital nurse in the foreground is very realistic, so is the absorption of the man of science, so intent on the contents of his test tube that he had not a glance for the Christ at his side.

One of the most striking figures is that of a thoughtless beauty, hurrying from one scene of pleasure to another, and spinning a sweet-faced, ragged child offering her a bunch of violets. In rejecting the plea of the child we know that the proud woman is rejecting the Christ, who has identified himself forever with the least of these little ones.

The only person in the whole picture who has found time to pause is the mother, seated on the steps of the pedestal with her baby in her arms, and we cannot but feel that when she has ministered to the wants of her child she will spare a moment for the lover of little children who is so close to her.

In the background stands an angel with bowed head, holding the cup which the world compelled the Christ to drink, while a cloud of angel faces look down upon the scene with wonder. As the artist turns away there is a haunting idea of Stainer's crucifixion—"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

She Went In For Both.
There was a man who dreamed that he died, and, seeking admission to paradise, was refused. He attempted to excuse his lack of religious faith and fidelity by the old pretext that, while he looked after worldly affairs, his wife went to church for both. "Well," said the gatekeeper, "she has gone in for both."

Dainty May Day Luncheon.

A dainty luncheon for a May Day hostess is thus suggested by Harper's Bazar:

Orange and Pineapple Cocktails,
Chicken Bouillon, with Whipped Cream,
Canned Salmon, with Hot Sauce Tartare,
French-Fried Potato Balls, Hot Rolls,
Lettuce and Green Pea Salad, Cheese, Wafers,
Maccaron Custard, Angels' Food,
Tea or Coffee.

The same excellent authority furnishes the following recipes:

Nut Bread.

Beat up one egg and beat into it one-quarter of a cupful of sugar; add one teaspoonful of salt and two cupfuls of milk. Mix four teaspoonfuls of baking powder with four cupfuls of flour, and sift this into the other ingredients, adding at the same time one cupful of chopped nuts. Stir all these together until smooth, and then make into two loaves. Let these rise in pans for twenty minutes, and then bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Eggs in Patty Shells.

Put six fresh eggs in boiling water for seven minutes, then in cold water for five minutes. Remove the shells and cut the eggs in slices. Wash a quarter of a pound of small mushrooms, and cut these and four chicken livers into small pieces. Chop up fine one tablespoonful of onions. Cook them in a tablespoonful of butter four minutes, not letting them brown; then add the mushrooms and livers, and season with pepper and salt. Cook four minutes, stirring all the time. Then add half a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, two tablespoonfuls of sherry and the eggs. Fill hot patty shells with the mixture, putting the remainder of it on the platter with the patties, and serve immediately.

Chocolate and Fruit Tarts.

Make the tart of puff pastry, leaving as large a space as possible for the filling. In each tart place canned peaches or apricots, from which all the juice has been drained away, and pour over them a chocolate sauce. The sauce is made by boiling one-half pint of milk and mixing it little by little with three ounces of grated chocolate, one ounce of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Let the sauce boil up, pour it over the tarts, cover the top with whipped cream, and serve at once.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.

A writer in the May Housekeeper offers the following (lively recipe): Cut a large bunch of asparagus into small pieces, reserving the tips. Cover with four pints of boiling water. Add a shallot, a few stalks of celery, sprigs of parsley and a teaspoonful of salt. Cook about twenty minutes, then press through a sieve; place over the fire and bring to a boil. Beat the yolks of three eggs till light; to these add a cupful of rice cream and stir into the hot soup. The tips must be reserved for the custard, and when done must be cut into dice, placed in the tureen, and the cream of asparagus poured over it. Cook the tips separately in very little water. When tender, press through a sieve, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, a little salt and the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Pour into thick cups, place in a pan of hot water, and poach the custard until firm in the oven.

Luncheon Dish.

An attractive luncheon dish is made of left-over strawberries, pieces of pineapple, bits of apricot or cherries, in a marmalade, served in puff pastry pate cases. Any combination of preserved fruit will answer for this tidbit.

At the Cost of Her Life.

A fire on a gentleman's estate in England destroyed his mansion, spread to a nearby plantation, and burned and charred the trees and bushes. The gentleman next day heard the chirping of little birds in a blackened thicket. He searched among the branches and discovered a nest, on which was lying, with outstretched wings, a dead robin. Under her were three fledglings, safe and sound, the mother having covered them and saved them at the expense of her own life.

How Birds Received Wings.

This is the way birds are said to have received their wings: Created originally with out them, the birds hopped about until one day God said: "You are beautiful and sing sweetly, but I want you to fly. Let me give you wings." At first the birds refused. They said that wings would be weights. Besides, they liked to hop. But at length they consented to receive wings, and flew.

The Housekeeper's Loaf and the Baker's Science

Harper's Magazine contains an interesting article on the ancient science of bread-making, written by Professor R. K. Duncan, in which women, as bread-makers, will naturally be interested.

Seventy per cent. of the bread in this country, Professor Duncan says, is made by the housekeepers, and the remaining 30 per cent. by the bakers. In his estimate of the present art of bread-making, the professor contrasts modern scientific methods with those of prehistoric days, with their rude stone grain crushers and mashing stones, and their loaves of crushed grains baked on hot stones with a covering of glowing ashes.

The Israelites generally used leavened bread when they were going on a journey and unleavened bread for ordinary home purposes. The loaf was molded by hand into the form of a disk, and was about the thickness of a thumb, so that it could easily be broken.

Bread-baking has clearly been from earliest times, as Professor Duncan says, the vocational work of women, and there has always been between these vocational workers with their home-made product and the baker's loaf an unending conflict. Southern housekeepers have unendingly taken great pride in the variety and excellence of breads with which their tables are furnished, their loaf bread, risen and beaten biscuit, their corn pone and batterbread, their waffles, muffins and Sally Lunn, having made them famous throughout the land.

A present-day bakery, conducted on scientific principles, has concrete floors and tiled walls or walls lined with cork to produce equality of temperature. So states Professor Duncan, who further mentions the beautiful machinery in the power room of such a building, its cold storage and hot-air plant, its hoppers, bins, mixing machine, fermenting trough, cutting table, forming and balling machines, oven and delivery wagons.

In a bakery like this bread, says Professor Duncan, is almost free from the touch of the human hand. In the best baking practice of the immediate future this ideal will be completely realized.

It is a recognized fact among women that home-made bread contains a maximum amount of nourishment and loses nothing of its wholesomeness or delicious quality by coming into contact with the human hand. The memory of Sally Lunn, a pastry cook of Bath, England, is perpetuated in her name being given to the bread, for the making of which she was known far and wide. But here again the baker comes in. His name is Daiman this time, and Sally sold her birthright to him in the shape of her tea-cake recipe. The baker, of course, took the credit of originating them to himself, and wrote a poem in praise of his ingenuity.

Her Guiding Thread.
A great principle never forgotten by the spider, observes Maurice Koechlin in La Nature, is that she must always spin behind her a thread that will enable her to find again the points that she has left. This serves at once as her guiding thread for her return and as her road on which she travels. A consequence of this rule is that the starting point, the centre of the first operations, must be at the top of the web, and often higher still, so as to dominate the whole. From this point the explorer lets herself down, suspended from her inseparable thread, balanced herself, and if she does not find the sought-for point, climbs back along the thread, which she absorbs in ascending.

Womanly Courage and Devotion.
Says the English Fortnightly Review: In warlike times, when battle was the business of life, and victory over a foe the highest honor that could be had, when home in the true sense of the word was a place of refuge, where there were no pleasures, no games, no less houses for pleasant living than strongholds to shelter raiders and resist assault, women were as heroic as their age.

If they were not so accurate in their aim as the spider, of whom it was said that every English bowman here under his girdle twenty-four Scots, they knew how to man the ramparts and defend the bridges, as well as their lords themselves.

Womanliness in the Bower.
In the hall, courage of the women—that was the whole duty of these women of a rude but manly age, and to their example, their influence and their shaping power as mothers, England owes much of her greatness and a half of her strength.

Letting Boadicea pass as an example of the feminine fighting blood, we find in Dame Necla de Camville an early specimen of the warlike, political woman. She took the royal side in the famous war with the barons, and held Lincoln Castle against Gilbert de Gaunt, first for King John and afterward for Henry III., till the battle called Lincoln Fair broke her power.

The beautiful Countess of Salisbury, who was as ardently beloved by the third Edward as was another instance of feminine daring, coupled in her case with the most graceful sweetness. The Countess of March, commonly known in history as Black Agnes, was heroic in her defense of Dunbar against the English.

Queen Philippa, Queen Margaret and others like them honored their adopted nationality also by their courage and devotion.

A Famous Picture.
In the Santa Maria Novella Chapel, of Florence, Italy, is a famous picture. On the right-hand side of this picture is a female figure with three children at her knee. She is holding in one hand a little red and in the other a scroll, and is pointing to an extremely narrow door.

So Good to Be Thanked.

Central was tired, her head ached. She had just succeeded, after repeated calls, in getting a number wanted, and here they were calling her again.

"Can't that woman be quiet a minute?" soliloquized Central, while she reiterated, "Number, please," trying not to speak crossly.

"Central," said a pleasant voice, "I want to thank you for taking so much trouble to get me that last number. You are always kind and obliging, and I do appreciate it."

The surprise was great. Central could only murmur "I—oh—yes, ma'am." Nothing like this had happened before. Suddenly the day was brighter, her headache was better. Suddenly, too, there came a lump in her throat and she reached for her handkerchief. It was so good to be thanked.